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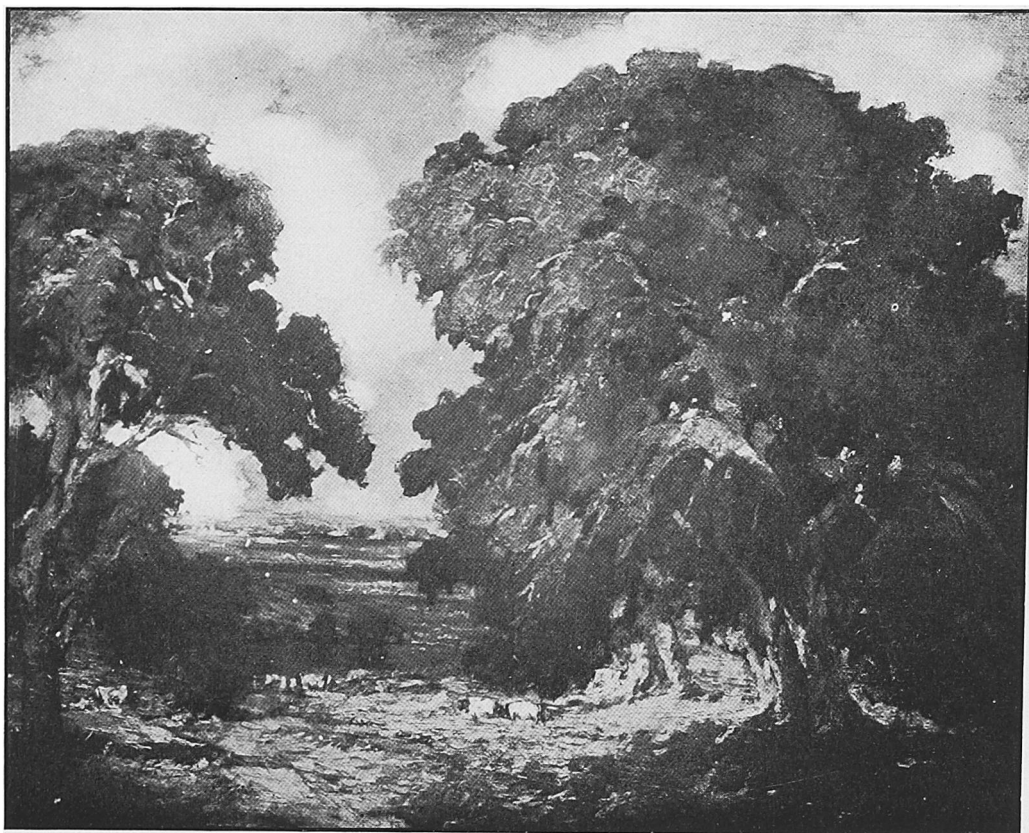
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OAKS IN CALIFORNIA

BY SOPHIE M. BRANNAN

## SOME PAINTERS WHO HAPPEN TO BE WOMEN

BY LIDA ROSE MCCABE

WOMAN as an art producer has ceased to be curio, enigma or trifle. Upon intrinsic merit her achievement now stands or falls. In all that makes for exhibition, Jury award, Academician, museum purchase or public commission, hers is to-day the modern sexlessness—attributed to angels in painting and sculpture. Up to the Franco-Prussian War (1870) the world center of art debarred woman from its schools and ateliers as student or coworker. From the vantage of the present it is difficult to realize that some one who still paints, exhibits and sells to-day for *les soldats blessés* represents the force that leveled the Chinese wall and opened Paris ateliers to women. Her name is Elizabeth Gardner Bouguereau, her birthplace is Essex, New Hampshire, her home Paris, her years four score!

Our Civil War was on the wane, the Franco-Prussian father of to-day's lurid upheaval imminent, when Elizabeth Gardner sailed from Boston to the Mecca of her dreams. Hers was the art training of the Young Ladies' Seminary, supplemented by study in Boston, which, like other American centers in which art struggled, slavishly copied what could be had of Old World models. Realizing that the foundation of good painting is correct drawing, Elizabeth Gardner ventured to Paris to acquire it. No school, no master would receive her. The few French or foreign women then known to the Salon or Latin quarter, like the few who had

preceded them down the ages, were the wives, sisters or daughters of artists. It was in the ateliers of their kindred they lived and worked. Undaunted, Elizabeth Gardner's Revolutionary blood rose. The great Paris drawing-school of the sixties was the Gobelin's Tapestry factory. No woman had ever crossed its threshold as a student or applied for admission to its classes!

"My hair was short, fever having clipped it before I quit America" said Mrs. Bouguereau, recounting those tentative days. "I applied to the police for permission to wear boy's clothes. It was readily granted, and in that guise I entered the Gobelin's school. My masculine attire which I always changed on reaching home, never caused me the slightest annoyance. The students were most courteous, and in the streets I was never inconvenienced."

Her courage, talent and industry captivated the professors, among whom was William Bouguereau. Emboldened by her success, the Julien Academy subsequently opened its doors to the women students who flocked to Paris in the wake of the American pathfinder. And for the first time in the history of France woman as an art student and producer was a recognized factor in its art life.

As early as 1866—three years after her arrival in Paris—Elizabeth Gardner had two pictures in the Salon. Later she was awarded a medal, the first American woman so honored. After the Universal Exposition (1900) in which the American

woman held her own with medals and honorable mentions as she had in the Paris Exposition (1889), came foreign invasion of the Luxembourg Gallery. Close upon its purchase of Whistler's "Mother" and Sargent's "Carmencita" the government bought for the Luxembourg's American Section "Closed Shutters" by Elizabeth Nourse.

The purchase of this picture from the brush of the erstwhile Cincinnati girl, who early shared with John S. Sargent the critical esteem of their joint master Carolus Duran, marks the second milestone in the foreign invasion of the American woman. "Closed Shutters" likewise emphasizes in this Twentieth Century how far she has traveled! For with due deference to its quality, there are few of our museums, private collections or current exhibitions without a picture by a native home-trained woman painter to equal if not surpass "Closed Shutters."

Between Elizabeth Gardner's admission to the Salon (1866) and Elizabeth Nourse's invasion of the Luxembourg (1910) comes the third *coup* (1896) — Cecilia Beaux's six portraits hung together on one panel in the Salon, Champs de Mars!

"A Young American lady" bewailed a French critic "has beaten all her rivals."

The significance of this feat lies in the essential Americanism of subjects and treatment. For, unlike many of her predecessors and contemporaries, Cecilia Beaux not only acquired the foundation of her art training in America but achieved through exhibits in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts repeated recognition, before seeking (1889-91) through observation and criticism what Paris masters had to offer.

As befits a democracy, America has never debarred, to the contrary, it has always welcomed women to its art schools, studios and exhibitions on an equal footing with men. Like Paris it recognizes no sex in its art awards. With increasing facility for study and exhibition at home, the woman

keeps pace with the masculine aspirant in to-day's growing reluctance to seek foreign masters as was once imperative. The change of heart, if not viewpoint, is assuredly making rapidly for what it was once good form to deride as a possibility — namely, a native American art.



ANDREW J. WEST, DEAN OF GRADUATE SCHOOL, PRINCETON  
BY CECILIA BEAUX

Cecilia Beaux's accurate draughtsmanship was acquired in her Philadelphia home — drawing fossils on stone for the Geological Survey and American Scientific Society. In the studio of William Sartain she began to paint. In the upward stride, she discarded china painting, crayon portraits, teaching. Her first exhibited picture by reason of surety of drawing and delicacy of color won a Pennsylvania Fine Arts prize. Fortified by hard work and this substantial recognition, she sought Paris, where, unlike scores of compatriots since and before who have largely failed to arrive for lack of like preliminary training, hers was the vision to choose and assimilate to the ripening of her inherent gift. Since 1891 she has lived

and painted in Philadelphia and New York and at Gloucester Point, her summer home.

"Yes, I know when I have painted a good bit" admitted when questioned the painter "but I never feel quite sure of the finished picture as a whole. No, I can't see that the Armory Exhibit of 1913 has radically affected American painters" she continued. "It was like a sudden windstorm that raises no little

dust, noise and confusion for the moment; when the wind dies down you discover that much that was of no real value has blown away, leaving a cleaner, wholesomer atmosphere."

Cecilia Beaux's growing pre-eminence as painter of the highest types of American citizen is emphasized by her successive Academy and "one woman" exhibits [notably Knoedler Gallery (1917)]. In the portraits of Dr. David H. Greer of the Paris coup (1896); Richard Watson Gilder; John Paul Jones, U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis]; Miss Agnes Irwin, Dean of Radcliff; Dr. Andrew J. West, Dean of the Graduate School, Princeton; Robert de Forest, Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art; of Dorothy Whitney painted for the Allied Bazar, we note her gift of expressing character with power and charm. She never startles by bizarre dress or setting. Her subjects command attention as they might in every-day life by the simplicity and directness with which they are painted. Notable example of her penchant for white in its varying values is the Metropolitan Museum purchase (1916)—"The Spirited Ernesta." One likes to think that it is the best in the sitters which Cecilia Beaux's portraits reveal. It is this insight, getting under the skin, as it were, of her subject, that leads minds that are given to comparisons to liken her art to the "first portrait-painter since Reynolds and Gainsborough" — John Singleton Sargent.

Physically, professionally, this forceful woman and virile painter is at her zenith. To few in life has come richer compensation. Medals to outbreast Sousa, portraits in public museums and private collections, National Academician, Membre des Beaux Arts, LL.D. and A.M. conferred by Universities of Pennsylvania and Yale! What more could mortal ask or men confer?

"It's poignant regret to me" the painter broke in upon the writer's mental query "not to have lived and painted all these years in Paris."

Wistfully the regret was voiced in the gloaming at her beautiful East Nineteenth Street studio, facing quasi Amsterdam houses—the studio in which she painted Dean West's monumental portrait. Recalling that portrait's essential Americanism, we selfishly thought, how good for American art that it

was not given the painter to respond to the Gallic call—her father was French—and to live and paint all these years in *cher Paris!*

Cecilia Beaux is to-day America's foremost woman portrait painter, or rather portrait painter who happens to be a woman. There are a number of other strong painters who happen to be women who may call for extended mention later on—Lydia and Rosina Emmet, also Clara T. McChesney, whose "Basket of Onions" is a masterpiece of still-life painting, fine in composition and charming in color; besides which she has produced a number of admirable figure pieces, portraits, etc.



"SUNLIT DELL"  
BY LILLIAN GENTH

Figure rather than portrait, however, now leads serious, if not distinctive achievement. In the "one woman" show, in wake of the "one man" exhibition, to be supplemented by exhibitions in which she is "rose between two thorns," figure dominates portrait. In the traveling picture gallery, born of the traveling library, the woman figure painter is a growing asset. Museum directors now vie with picture dealers in selecting canvases and "booking" this Twentieth Century innovation. Did not "Girl with the Lantern," while making the circuit, captivate Corcoran Gallery to its purchase?

"Your picture," wrote its Director to the painter, Helen M. Turner, "gives pleasure to hundreds of visitors—

laymen and artists. We are pleased that it is to remain permanently in our gallery."

The Art Students' League is Helen Turner's Alma Mater.

By dint of brains and palette, this daughter of the Southland will tell you, she has reached the serious consideration of critic, artist and layman. Inherent color sense is something quite apart from chemical knowledge of color. Certainly this painter lays no claim to the latter; but feeling for color she has a plenty—harmonious, poetic. With a simplicity and directness inseparable from her own straightforward personality, she paints the figure in a well-spaced and balanced background, preferably in the open air. Hers is the distinction of never having studied abroad. Three European journeys with "eyes a-peel," however, vitalize and inform her work.



"Artist of very serious consideration" was the opinion of the late William Macbeth [veteran champion of home-bred talent] of Helen Turner's attainment. "Air of distinction and high quality are hers" said he "to put some of the brethren to their best pace if they are to be with her at the top of the ladder on which she has a firm hold." How the hold has been strengthened "Summer" reveals—a picture of tangible, subtle charm awarded the Julia A. Shaw prize at the National Academy of Design in 1915.

No field escapes the American painter who happens to be a woman. Recently, in the first decade of this century, it was hers to convert the heretofore tabooed nude into a tolerated, if not a popular feature of gallery exhibitions. With the rise of American mural painting and sculpture as an integral part of architecture, the nude—decoratively considered—"gingerly" invaded public galleries. But of the finished, life-size study of the nude, such as literally cover the walls of French and German galleries abroad, artist and public are still somewhat shy, as behooves a people no longer on the leash of Puritanic tradition. The "human form divine," the "temple of the Holy Ghost"—is provocative of sin when undraped—consequently, is not to be revealed, however, artistic the medium, to the glorious light of day! Guiltless of intent to shock, oblivious if not ignorant of this inherited prejudice, Lillian Genth literally made the nude respectable! The National Academy of Design (1908), allured by the chaste beauty of a nude figure this gifted young painter submitted, awarded it the Julia Shaw prize. Three years later to her second nude it gave the Hallgarten prize. "Adagio," property of the National Gallery (Washington, D. C.), which also owns her "Depth of the Woods," is variously acclaimed one of the three best nudes painted by an American.

Youth in all its poetic grace of form, color, mystery is her favorite subject, more or less symbolically interpreted. Age—since it is not pleasant to grow old, why paint it?—does not appeal to her. For avoidance in the nude of all save insouciant youth a recent critic takes Miss Genth to task, citing to her disparagement the ugly things of Degas and

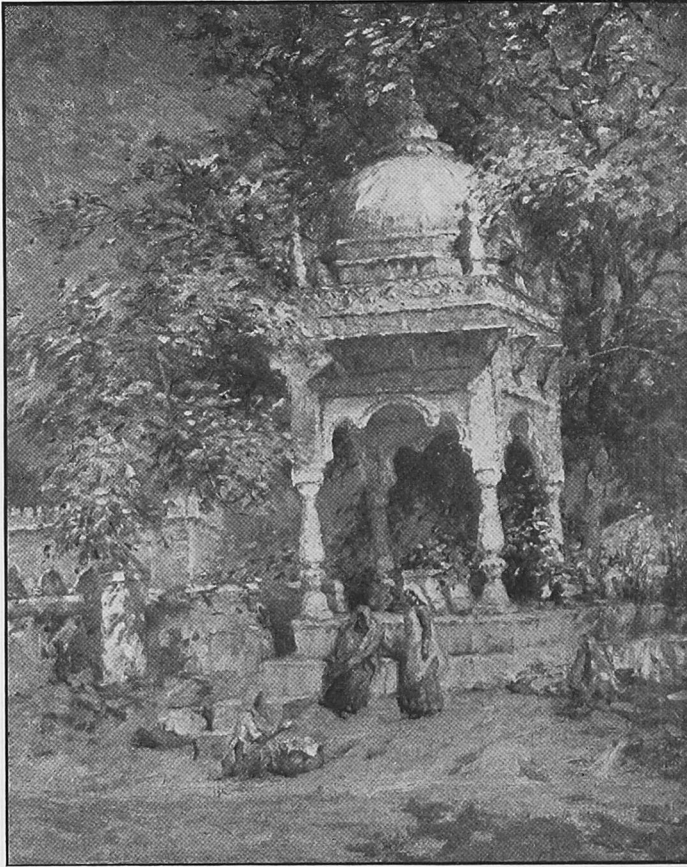
Daumier. To the gnarled, decrepit, malformed, the ugly in the "altogether," let us hope, this delightful painter will never succumb. Paradoxically, it is from the Quaker City there comes this bold innovation. Philadelphia art schools prepared her for Whistler's Paris atelier. There, beside men of masterful craftsmanship, she worked out her own individuality.

"They were wonderful, and it was good for me to be with them" admits Miss Genth "but they were utterly wanting in initiative and creative power, and curiously they have never been heard from."

"Nothing in life or art" said the painter, "surpasses the wonder and beauty of the human body!" We were in her Washington Square studio before a nude that Whistler had personally criticised.

"I paint the nude" she went on "in open air and sunshine, in heart or on edge of wood, because to me the body unclothed is an integral part of the landscape. Literally no less than symbolically it rightfully belongs to the virginal nature for which it was originally created."

In the birch wood of her Connecticut summer home Lillian Genth studies the living model, making endless sketches preparatory to the finished picture—which requires more and more time, she regretfully admits, as her knowledge of life, nature and—the nude grows.



"WAYSIDE TEMPLE," AGRA, INDIA

BY MRS. EMMA LAMPERT COOPER

In Helen Watson Phelps she has no mean competitor. To the delineation of the

unclothed figure, this excellent painter of broad European culture brings a something quite apart from drawing, color, technique, a something that early arrested Albert Besnard, who, contrary to his way, invited her to his studio and criticised her work, which has had frequent prizes. Miss Phelps's best nude, perhaps, is owned by the George Hearn estate, having been bought originally for the Hearn Collection in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Mrs. Emma Lampert Cooper is one of our strongest women painters; her work has much charm of composition and color. As Miss Lampert she began her career at the Art Students' League, New York, at the Cooper Union, and with Agnes D. Abbott in water-colors. Then she went to Paris, studying

with Harry Thompson and in the Paris Art Schools. She made her first of many Salon Exhibitions in 1887 with a picture entitled "Hillside in Picardy," and in 1892 she there exhibited "The Bread Winner," which was awarded a medal at the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago and exhibited in the Paris Exposition of 1900. In 1897 Miss Lampert married the well-known painter Colin Campbell Cooper, then of Philadelphia. Mr. and Mrs. Cooper have made many trips in 1913 and 1914 to Holland, France, Switzerland, Italy, and also to India and Burmah. As a result of this last trip they each held exhibitions in New York of the unusual subjects they found in those countries. Their combined collections were exhibited in a number of western cities and attracted much attention.

Mrs. Cooper has been very active in the organizing and carrying on of various art societies and is a member of nearly all of them and President of the "Society of Painters." She is represented in the photographs and notes in the collection of "Representative Women" in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris. A medal was awarded her at the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893, a bronze medal at the Atlanta Exposition, 1895, two bronze medals for oil and water-color at the St. Louis Exposition, 1904, and she received the water-color prize at the Women's Art Club, New York, in 1907.

We give a reproduction of "A Wayside Temple" painted in India, a charming composition full of brilliant and fascinating color such as can only be found in India. With much talent as a painter and kindness as a woman Mrs. Cooper is very popular in all circles.

To grasp landscape *au naturel* and render it into form and color after the manner of master painters demands high gift. Nature, pictorially considered, is a Nineteenth Century contribution to art. Not a few women painters have and continue to paint effective landscape as a foil for figures or portraits after Eighteenth Century painters, but rare the success in landscape pure and simple, the serious study and interpretation of nature, as reflected in the Hudson River School, its disciples or collaterals.

Stained glass mosaic and mural pictures are now

produced by our American women. For example, there is Mrs. Ella Condie Lamb, who is not only a strong portrait painter—as the one that we illustrate proves—but also a clever landscape painter in both oils and water-colors. Moreover, she has worked with her husband, Charles R. Lamb, in decorating a number of buildings with designs composed and painted by her or else carried out in mosaics. Among other notable works she has done, full of charm yet not devoid of strength, are the four mosaics in the great Lakewood Cemetery Chapel at Minneapolis: "Faith," "Hope," "Love," "Memory," which we hope to illustrate in a future issue to do justice to a modest woman of talent who is not so well known as she should be.



"GIRL WITH LANTERN"—CORCORAN GALLERY  
BY HELEN M. TURNER

"Any one" said Degas "can have talent at twenty-five. The thing is to have talent when you are fifty." Charlotte Buell Coman has painted and exhibited landscapes since the Centennial (1876), and in her eighty-sixth year she continues to paint and produce, so she declares, her best work! Cut off by total deafness from human companionship for more than fifty years, hers is intensive living with an understanding of nature.

"I know wood, mountain and stream" she smiles "and they know me."

Her intimacy with nature, her responsiveness to the call of its varied moods "Early Summer" in the National Gallery, "Clearing Off" in the Metropolitan Museum of Art reveal. "Well-Worn Paths" has

just been bought by the Brooklyn Institute.

Long, long the cry from Charlotte Buell Coman—pupil of James R. Brevoort, New York's one-time master instructor, Émile Vermer and Harry Thompson, Paris, to young, vibrant, colorful Sophie Brannan!

Consider "Oaks in California" from the brush of this gifted California girl. What breadth, balance, rhythm of composition! Warm, soft in color with sky to challenge the best of sky painters.

"I never studied color with any one" she tells me. "Nature as it thrives and wanes in the Golden West was my first teacher, and remains guide, philosopher and friend."

For five years this woman, one of the most distinctive of America's younger school of landscapists, has

lived and painted in New York, her subjects mainly from Catskill, Delaware and Dutchess Counties. In the National Academy of Design (1910) she won her spurs with two pictures on the line. This acclaim has been sustained in subsequent Spring and Winter Academy exhibitions to the number of eleven canvases. Varied arts went to her upbuilding; melody of the professionally trained violinist, form from clay modeling, rhythm in the making of verse.

"I compose a picture and paint it (mentally) to the minutest detail before putting brush to canvas" confides this joyous personality. "I work rapidly, often completing a picture at one sitting. I can concentrate and leave easel, tea, visit if need be, and return to work with trend of thought and purpose undisturbed. Then I have a severe critic in a most sympathetic mother."

Fourteen months' travel and study abroad convinced Sophie Brannan of what Paris long since recognized, namely, the world leader to-day, in landscape painting, is America.

Mural painting—oldest of the graphic arts—is America's latest born. Singularly free from foreign competition however are our artists of this generation in mural work. Singularly significant that in the vanguard of this untrammelled epochal movement we have a Violet Oakley. "Purely because of the superior excellence of her work" was architect James Huston's answer to critics who questioned his selection of a woman to paint the mural decorations of the Governor's reception room in the State Capitol of Pennsylvania.

The subject of the thirteen panels of this colossal decoration, unveiled 1906, is "The Founding of the State: of Liberty Spiritual." Upon the death of Edwin A. Abbey, who decorated the House of Representatives, the Capitol dome and corridor, Miss Oakley was commissioned to decorate the Senate Chamber and the Supreme Court room, work in which she is now absorbed and will be for years. Five of the nine panels of the frieze designed for the Senate Chamber were unveiled on Lincoln's birthday 1917. Miss Oakley on that occasion personally explained to the Governor and State officials the subject of the

cycle: "The Creation and Preservation of the Union." To the State she then presented the original designs painted by her on parchment with the text of each story exquisitely illuminated, the whole bound in leather and attached to a brass chain. When this unique volume includes the designs for the four yet uncompleted panels, it will be fastened to the Speaker's desk after the manner of a Bible in medieval cathedrals before the invention of printing. "Evolution of the Law" is the subject of the Supreme Court room. It will consist of a frieze of panels, with verbally illuminated script, interpreting as it were, the pictorial designs. Colossal task, the whole worthy the highest skill and devotion—to whose execution the painter will continue to

bring superior understanding, for hers is a message—as befits all great art—beyond design, line, pigment or chiaro-obsuro.

For solidly built is the attainment of this New York born girl, a student under Carroll Beckwith supplemented by occasional study in France and England. From book illustration, which won her many prizes, she was led into stained glass designing through the teaching and encouragement of Howard Pyle.

"He revealed to me" said Miss Oakley "the importance, the value of thought as the underlying principle of design. 'Have your thought right, the message you wish to convey clear in your mind, then line, spacing, the technical will follow in natural sequence.' Next to Howard Pyle, whom I knew well, I owe

much to George du Maurier. Unhappily I never met him, but with his drawings—especially his masterly illustrations of 'Trilby' and 'Peter Ibbetson' I am intimately acquainted. They are inspirational and cannot be too closely studied. Pyle and du Maurier, like the world's master mural painters, worked from within to without, and that is what I try to impress upon art students."

The ideal artist as has been said is the one with a message. Violet Oakley has a message. It permeates to a vitalizing degree every phase of her work. However incomprehensible the message may be to the "man in the street," comprehensible we believe it will assuredly be to subsequent generations.

Lida Rose McCabe



"THE CRYSTAL GAZER"

A PORTRAIT BY MRS. ELLA CONDIE LAMB